

MAGAZINE

# LATE SHOW <sup>R</sup>

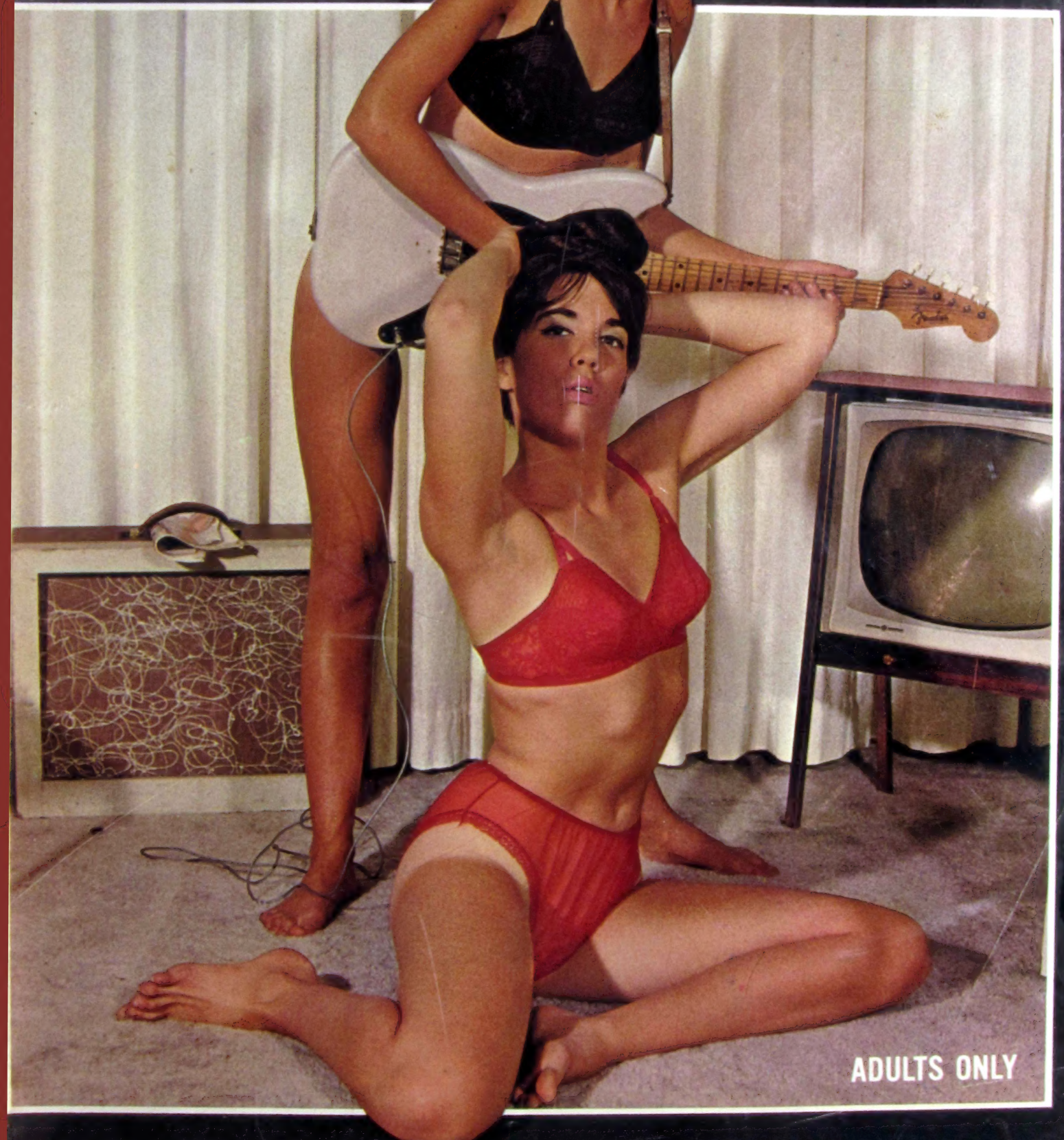
VIEW FROM A NUDE'S ROOM

NIGHT DOLLS ON A NIGHT KICK

BEADED, BEWITCHED AND BARE

VOLUME 2 NUMBER 3 \$150

IS THERE A HAREM  
IN YOUR FUTURE?



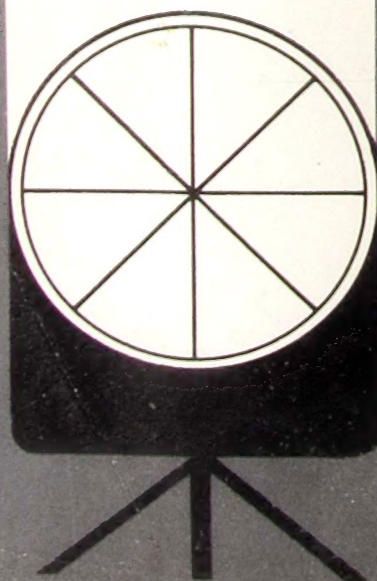
ADULTS ONLY



# LATE SHOW

VOL. 2

NO. 3



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This lovely art model is also an art student, and her name is Ann Belmont. It is easy for Ann to catch just the right mood for an artist, for her own art lessons help her there. Ann is used to posing with everything from leopard skins to lacy lingerie, for she is also a commercial photog's model.

## *Art Nude in the Mood*



A black and white photograph of a nude woman with short dark hair, posing on a modern-style table and chair. She is holding a cigarette in her right hand and has her legs spread wide, with one foot resting on the table and the other on the chair. The lighting is dramatic, casting shadows on the wall behind her. In the background, a container with brushes is visible on the table.

Ann became interested in art as a career after she had been posing for over a year. At first she just dabbled with it, but when the artist she was working for saw some of her oils and told her she had talent, she took a serious interest and enrolled in an art school in New York.







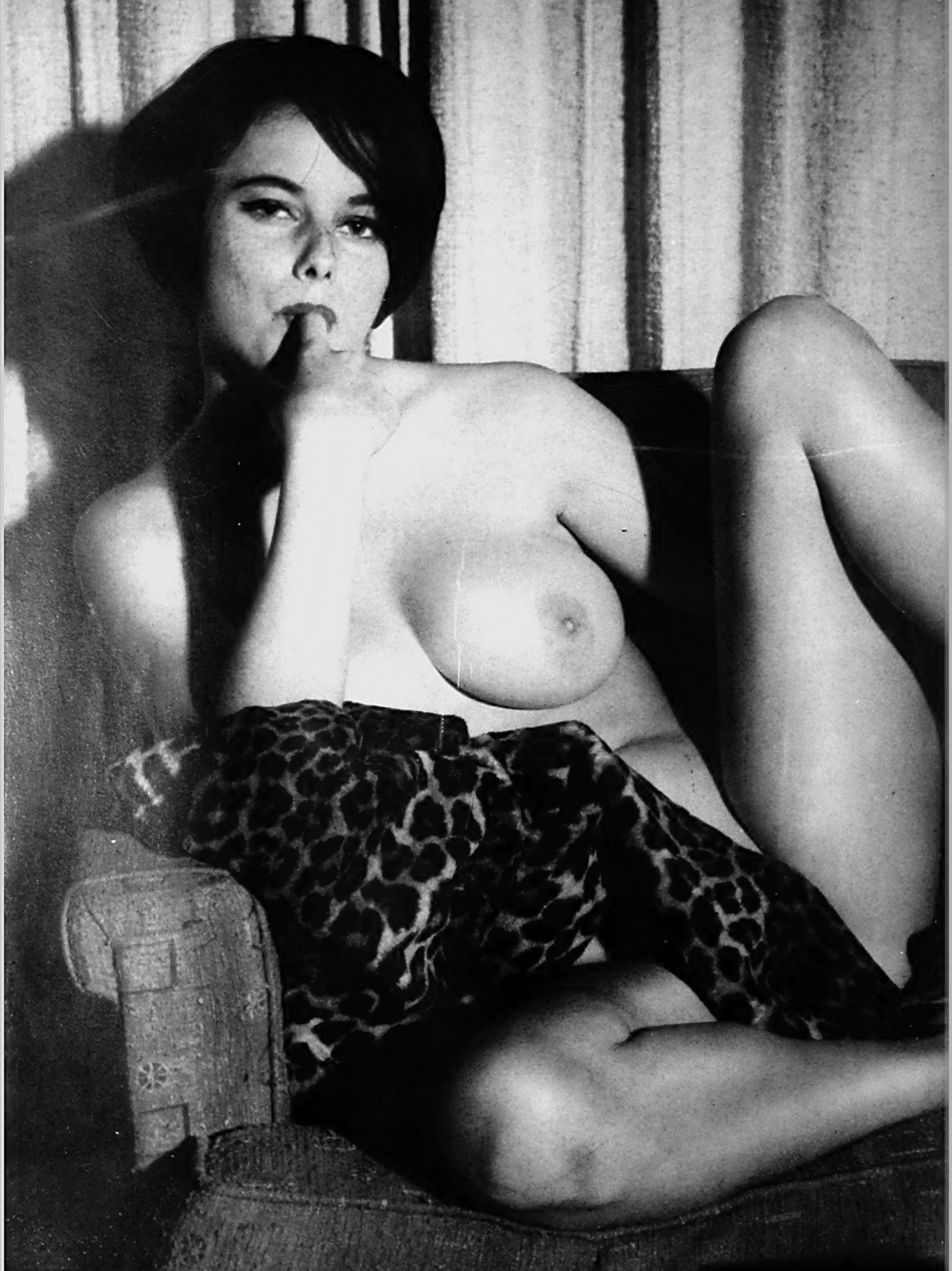
It has worked out fine for Ann, as she has been able to earn her tuition and living money as an art model, while picking up additional instruction from the artists she works for. Ann has taken their advice, and not tried to sell her paintings until she is certain she is ready to really launch into art as a full time career. But she does spend a lot of time at home, perfecting her talent.



Ann hails from Galveston, Texas, and went to New York to become a model. She still has her Texas drawl, but has learned to keep up with the pace of life in Manhattan, where she has a lovely apartment. Ann has a flair for clothes, and keeps busy fashioning and sewing many of her own. She's also an avid theater-goer.



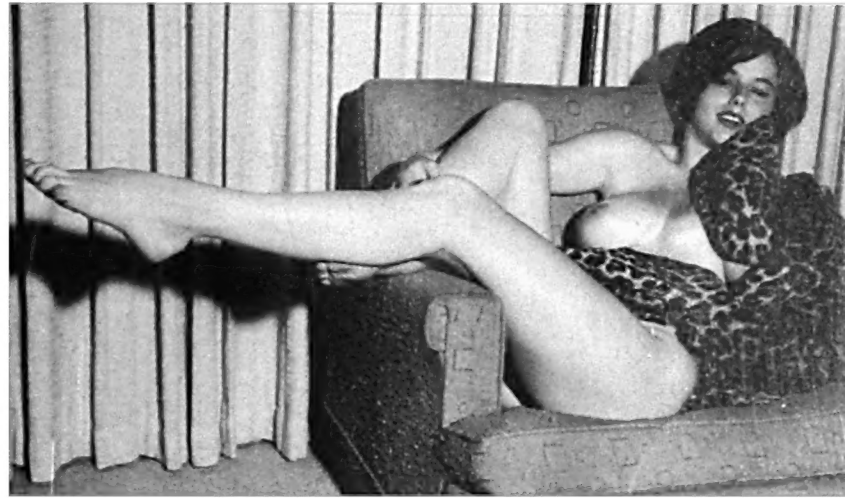








Miss Belmont hasn't visited home for more than two years, she has been so busy with her career, but she is pretty certain that she will make her home permanently in New York when she becomes a full-fledged artist. Ann hasn't had time for romance, either, and she claims she is presently only in love with her work. She's a busy gal, on the way to fame.





# THE CASE OF THE SEXY SANTA

By Russ Benjamin

AN OLD-TIME COP LIKE SESSIONS KNEW THAT EVERY CRIME HAS A CLUE, BUT THIS ONE CALLED FOR HIM TO KNOW A LITTLE ABOUT SANTA'S SEX PATTERNS.

**J**oe Sessions liked this young guy that he was breaking in, but he *did* get obnoxious at times, with his hero-worship of the "lab-type" detective — the boys who called themselves "criminologists" instead of "cops," and who believed that the lab and the spectroscope could solve any crime.

"Look, Pops —" Red Vincent said lightly, "— I respect you old-timers, and the way you had to make-do, but you just can't compete with the scientific boys and equipment today. Why, give them a bit of dust, a fingernail scraping —"

"I'm talking about a crime where there are no clues," Joe said confidently. "And don't call me 'Pops.'" He looked sour. "And there *are* crimes without clues, in spite of all the mystery writers and movies. Then what good are your lab boys and their fancy equipment?"

Disbelief showed on the young redhead's face and he shook his head. "There's *always* a clue. You said so yourself."

"Yes — but that's my point:

some of them are intangible — things you can't put under a microscope. Something that can only be figured out by digging back in your memory, or figuring out what you'd have done." He lit a cigar, and blew smoke in Vincent's face. "Ever hear of a case where the 'M.O.' was the only clue?"

"Method of operation — the pattern certain criminals follow? Sure — but," Vincent grinned wickedly, "Not since Sherlock Holmes went out of business. Deduction has no place in modern crime detection, Joe."

**S**essions swung around in his

swivel chair, watching the snow swirling down outside, to hide his disgust. "Time'll come," he said lamely. "Time'll come."

The phone on the desk separating them jangled, and Sessions swung around and picked up the receiver.

"When? Oh, nuts!" It was the strongest language he ever used. "Why, he's had a half-hour to lose himself, in a city of six million people, in the one outfit that gives him a ticket to Mexico, if he wants." His shoulders slumped, and he nodded in resignation. "O.K. We'll be there in ten minutes." He hung up the phone, and looked dolefully at his assistant.







The first thing Miss Peoples knew, he was standing there, with the gun pointed at her.

"A real Christmas present, Sonny. A half-hour ago, a guy walked into the Stilson Department Store money room — you know, where all those little steel boxes with the money and slips go in — and held up the joint. Roughly sixty grand, he gets. And he had the three girls strip naked, and walked out, neat as you please. Now — we'll have a chance to see what your scientific boys can do, because there isn't a trace of a clue. Just a missing fortune."

"Oh, come on!" Red protested, as he reached for his overcoat and hat and galoshes. "With three women there, somebody must have given a description of some sort."

"Oh, all three of them can describe him perfectly," Joe snickered. "He was about five-foot-eight, plump, blue-eyed, with white moustache and beard. And," he gloated, "he was wearing a pair of shiny black boots, and a red suit, trimmed in white fur, and red cap!"

Red Vincent paused in buckling his overshoes.

"Whew —" he whistled softly. "And only about 5,000 Santa Clauses in Chicago at this time of year!"

Joe Sessions bowed majestically. "See what I mean?"

**T**wenty minutes later, they

walked into the confusion of the Head Cashier's office on the ninth floor of the ancient Stilson Building in downtown Chicago. The manager and assistant manager, the comptroller, janitor, store detective, and assorted others were all talking at once. Three frightened, yet self-conscious girls held the center of attention.

"O.K. Relax," Joe shouted. "Detective Lieutenant Sessions of Robbery Detail. Now — everyone who wasn't here when the robber took the dough — scram. Come on. Out!"

Mumbling, they very reluctantly cleared the place, until only the three girls were left.


(Continued on Page 15)





**BEADED.  
BEWITCHING  
AND BARE**





Cecile Shannon is one of those sun buffs that almost fits the nickname "sun-worshipper". Seldom a day passes, if the sun shines at all, that she doesn't get out in her yard and get some sun. And since Cecile lives in La Jolla, California, she can count on some sun practically every day of the year. Cecile manages a small, exclusive shop that features ladies' hats, accessories, and costume jewelry. Cecile is a costume jewelry buff, and she says she buys almost as much as she sells over the counter. This Irish lovely was born in Montana, and came to California to learn to operate a comptometer — which she did. But Cecile didn't like being cooped up in an office all day — she likes meeting and talking with people too much for that, so she sought a sales job. Her business and bookkeeping background helped her to the managerial spot, however, so nothing was lost. It all worked out for the best, for today, Cecile Shannon is a successful, happy person.



Cecile's favorite relaxation and exercise is riding. She learned to ride as a child, in Montana's cattle country, and still loves it. Since becoming a Californian, Cecile has also become an excellent swimmer. She lives not too far from the beach at La Jolla, and swims frequently. On the quiet side, Cecile also likes the theater and ballet, or attends concerts or the opera in nearby San Diego. Her life is full and satisfying.





"Now, who's first?" Joe asked in a brisk tone.

"Well, —" a homely girl with bulging breasts and horn-rim glasses said hesitantly, "I was behind the cage when he came in. I didn't think anything of it, because the Santa Clauses come in sometimes to check in the money from the Surprise Box—you know, the mystery gifts the kids pay fifty cents for—"

"All right, take it slow, Miss—?"

"Peoples — Cynthia Peoples. Well, the first thing I knew, he was standing there, with this gun pointed at me. He shoved the canvas bag — the Santa's pack — under the grill, and said, 'Let's have it, girlie.'"

Joe lit a cigar, while Red was making notes rapidly.

"So — I — I did. I gave him all the paper money. And then he told us to — take our clothes off. All of our clothes!" She was indignant, and blushing.

Joe eyed the other two, more shapely and younger than Miss Peoples.

"The body of the crime —" he said in an aside to Red. Then, loudly, "You girls see anything that adds to that?" They shook their heads, and Joe shook his, in despair. "O.K., Miss — you seem to have seen him clearest and longest. Now — give me some details — appearance, complexion, build, height, eyes, voice—"

"Well —" she giggled nervously, "he was stuffed with pillows in front, so I don't know if he was fat or skinny. But he had blue eyes, — nice eyes, I guess. And he was about as tall as me—I'm five-foot-eight, in heels — and his voice was soft, — real soft, sort of low. And he had white gloves on. All the Santas in the store do — and he had this gun—"

"What kind of gun?" Joe pressed.

"Oh, I — don't know. A — a gun!" she spluttered in confusion.

Joe took out his .38 service pistol.

"Was it an automatic, or a revolver — like this?" He held it out to her, and she brightened. "Yes — it was like that — just like that." She studied it, then frowned. "Only —" she broke off.

"Only what?" the detective asked anxiously.

"Well — I don't know. I remember something different." She looked perplexed. "Maybe if you

could stand where he stood, with me behind the cage, and point it at me—?"

Joe looked skyward in disgust, but shrugged. She stepped back behind the grill, and he stood before her, pointing the gun at her across the counter space, careful to keep his finger away from the trigger.

Suddenly she clapped her hands.

"That's it! I can't see anything through your gun. But I could see his red suit, through those little holes there in the fat part of the gun." She pointed toward the cylinder chambers.

Joe Sessions' eyebrows shot up, and he glanced quickly at Red.

"An unloaded gun!" He began to grin crookedly. To Vincent, he said sardonically, "You got enough clues to turn over to the lab, Sonny?"

Vincent just looked his anger back at his superior.

"One thing more, Miss. After you stripped naked — did Santa do anything? I mean — umph — well—"

Miss Peoples glanced in embarrassment at the other two girls, and said, "Well, he had Jean and Betty lay down on the floor, but he had me come out here, and — he — well, he put his hand on my breast." She was scarlet, yet there was a note of pride in her voice.

Joe smiled broadly. "Thank you, Miss Peoples. Now, Red, my boy, let's go and pick up the thieving Santa Claus, and the loot, before he has a chance to blow town!"

They all looked at him, thunder-struck, but he bowed low to the girls, and opened the door and motioned Red out ahead of him.

In the car, Joe was like a kid with a Christmas package.

"Head over to the Coldwell Hotel, on Grant, Red. In the 2200 block, I think, and we'll close this thing up."

Red looked hateful, but he didn't have any hopes of Joe revealing the secret of success before he had a chance to really show off. Red almost wished he would goof up, he was so damned overbearing. If he was correct, he'd rub it in for months.

"The old 'M.O.,' huh?" he ventured as they parked in a no parking area in front of a fleabag hotel that proclaimed itself the Coldwell.

"Right on the button, Sonny," Joe said as he climbed out, and waded through the shoetop-deep snow.

At the desk, Joe asked the whiskey wino what room George Summers was in, flashing his badge, and grimacing.

"T—t—two-o-three," he stammered. Joe placed a finger at his lips, and raised an eyebrow in warning to the clerk not to call the room, though Red doubted there was a phone within miles.

They climbed the stairs, and knocked on Room 203. Sounds came from within, and then a pleasant faced man in his late forties or early fifties opened the door, smiling. His face fell to below zero as he recognized the grinning lieutenant.

"Hello, Georgie. Merry Christmas. Ready to go along downtown?"

He pushed in, and Red gasped as he saw a cheap suitcase on the bed, bulging with bills of all denominations. Red wandered over to the closet, and came back with a limp Santa Claus costume and beard and boots. From the dresser, in plain sight, Joe picked up an unloaded .38 revolver.

"O.K., Georgie. That's about all we need. Let's go." He nodded toward the hall, and George meekly put on his overcoat and hat, and headed out, trailed by Red Vincent with the loot and evidence.

With George in the back seat, in handcuffs, and Red driving, Sessions said nothing for a block or two.

"By the way, Red. You didn't meet our guest. This is George Sommers. But most of the old timers know him as 'Gentle Georgie.' Seems Georgie just can't bear to chance hurting anyone, so he always uses an empty gun on his stickups — that way, he's safe. The best he gets is a burglary rap — and believe me, he's had a few."

He grinned as he caught Red's glare in the rear-view mirror.

"And Georgie has one other bad fault — he can't resist a woman. Four times Georgie had it made on a heist job, but he had to stop and get a little — 'loving,' I guess you'd call it."

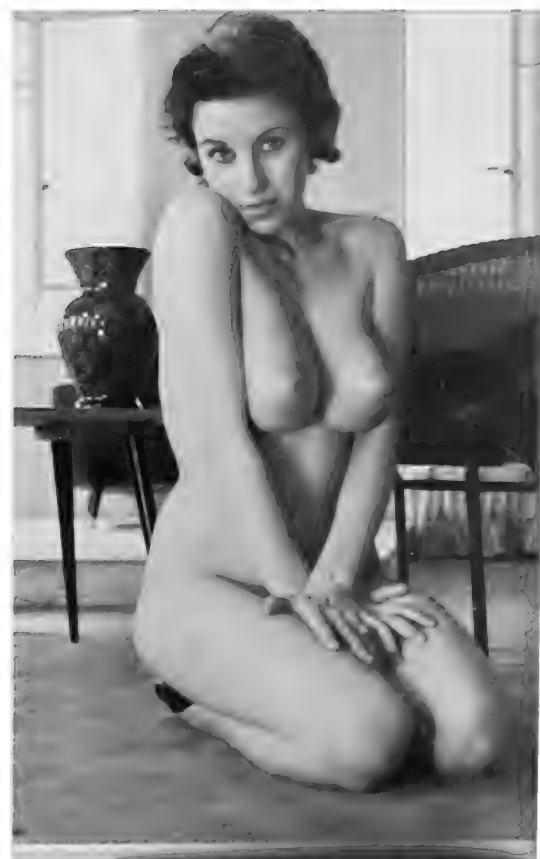
"The old M.O., Sonny — the old M.O." he chortled.

He turned to the dismal seatmate. "Georgie, you'd be a successful crook, if you could only leave women alone." ●





# View from a nude's room







Here's a former model who decided to get into the management side of modeling. Beverly Crandall had a very successful career modeling for several years before she became an agent for other models. Bev finds this work interesting, for she is in constant contact with ad agencies, fashion designers, public relations men and commercial artists, and has several top-flight models under her wing. Sometimes, Bev spots a girl with the poise, beauty and form that it takes to become a model, and trains her. Bev has a good camera, and knows enough about commercial photos to be able to take sample pictures of her models, so she can show them to clients. Bev finds that newer models feel less inhibited when she is taking the pictures of them in filmy things, or nude. Bev herself worked for serious artists, posing in the nude, and now can pass on valuable tips to models. Bev is still so close to the game that she feels a part of it, and has made the transition gracefully







Eva Duarte Peron was the power behind the throne in Argentina, when her husband ruled as dictator. She eventually became as powerful as Peron himself.



Russia's Empress, Catherine the Great, ruled not only the lives of her subjects with an iron hand, but dictated the sex lives of many of her court.

# Sexpots in the

Ever since Eve talked Adam into eating that apple, women have been trying to get their own way. Some of them made it big - and still are, as a matter of fact. They're tough to dislodge, once in power, and they'll use violence or sex to rule the male.

By Jeff Stanley

**Y**ou must have seen that long-lived *Ladies Home Journal* advertisement that is captioned, "Never underestimate the power of a woman." Its tone is light, purporting to be in jest.

But is it?

Answer—No!

When Rudyard Kipling wrote, "The female of the species is deadlier than the male," he wasn't kidding. An undersized genius with bad eyesight, he was forced to battle towering Victorian and Edwardian women all his life.

Nor are the *Home Journal* admen

kidding underneath. They know that most of the American purchasing dollar is either owned or controlled by women. Not being utter idiots, the merchandisers of American business and industry have long since catered to the female of the species rather than the male.

From sports cars to station wagons, automobiles are designed to appeal to feminine rather than masculine tastes. Home appliances, men's fashions, books, films, houses, packaged foods—all are aimed directly at the feminine taste and pocketbook.

About the only exceptions to this rule are men's sporting equipment and women's fashions. The former are geared for masculine use, while *haut couture* belongs in the twilight zone where gender is concerned.

Men like to flex their muscles and stamina and loudly proclaim their physical superiority over the so-called weaker sex. Yet no mere male has ever developed a muscle as powerful as the female's (which makes possible child-bearing and sex in the gentlest of women).

As for stamina, men aren't in it with women—away from the golf course or running track. By way of ultimate proof in this department, woman's current life expectancy is something like seven years longer than that of man according to insurance actuarial tables.

In the sex department, man simply cannot compete with his supposedly frailer partner or partners. A man who makes love three times in a single night is generally regarded as a powerhouse.





Some "Box-Office" queens, like Elizabeth Taylor, (with Rex Harrison and Richard Burton) demand and get treatment usually reserved for real life queens.



Christine Keeler managed to get such a hold on high ranking officials that when the scandal broke, it shook the British Empire to its foundations.

# Driver's Seat...

Also, he's generally pooped to the wifes the next day.

**A** prostitute who averages a mere half dozen scores a night, unless she is in the highest price brackets, quickly finds herself face to face with famine.

In general, this superiority of the female over the male runs right on through the evolutionary scale, down to and including the insect world. Among ants and bees, it is the female who serves as worker and/or warrior, who forages for food and stores it. And it is the queen, huge and surrounded by every insect luxury, who supplies the eggs that keep the species going.

You all know what happens to the luckless mates of the black widow spider and the praying mantis. They usually wind up in their mates' tummies once the sex act is completed.

So how come human females managed to become the underdogs

in this life-wide struggle for so long?

According to advanced archeology and anthropology, the condition of female servitude is of fairly recent origin. Prehistoric shrines and sculpture more than hint that the human female was top dog until relatively recently—a mere four or five thousand years ago.

Save in ancient Egypt, high priests and oracles were almost invariably women. The widespread Amazon legend suggests that, in fact, women were also the more fearsome warriors. The universal goddess was the Moon, rather than the Sun, embodied by the Mother Goddess upon whom poet-novelist-archeologist Robert Graves has speculated so vividly.

They bore the children by selected fathers and all inheritance was matrilinear—that is, properly descendent via the distaff side of the family. The men were the hewers of wood and drawers of water, while the women ruled the roost.

**T**he overturning of this world-wide matriarchy belongs to pre-history. But somewhere between the caves and the birth of written records, the men organized, armed themselves and put themselves and their own Gods (led by Apollo, the Sun god) in the saddle.

It was the men who developed the idea of marriage, legal and divine, rather than women. While the girls ruled supreme, they cared little about who fathered their children as long as his seed bore healthy fruit. After all, they had the property and could dish it out as they chose to their heirs.

To protect their goods and estates, the men had to be sure that the children their mates bore were their own. Hence marriage; the enhanced value on virginity; ultimately purdah, or the shutting away of one's mate or mates behind harem walls.

It was not necessarily because the men did not trust their ever-lovings — they simply wanted to be sure . . . (Continued on Page 62)



# TWO ALICES THROUGH A LOOKING GLASS AND ALICE LABOCCA

Seeing double or triple can be a good thing, when there are such lovelies as these to look at. They are both named Alice — the long-haired beauty has the surname Johnstone, and the pixie with the short haircut is Alice Parkhurst.

They've been buddies since grade school days, and work and room together.





Both are Brooklyn gals,  
and after high school, they  
went separate ways. One,  
Alice J. — became a hotel  
cashier, while A. P. took  
a job with the telephone  
company. Quite by accident,  
they wound up as salesgirls  
in the same ladies shop.







Inasmuch as they had always gotten along well, and liked each other, these Alices decided to share an apartment together, since both are single. There is no problem of conflict of interests, for they both like the same hobbies, and both don't mind the household chores, which they divide up. There isn't even the problem of borrowing each other's clothes, for the gals are of different measurements and sizes. But, working in a ladies' wear store, they splurge frequently for lots of frilly, feminine clothes, hats and shoes.





Even when it comes time for dates, these two Alices are usually together, for they often date twin brothers, although they have other dates as well. But they both like to dance, and both swim a lot. Their favorite pastime, when weather permits, is getting out into the country, and just having a good old-fashioned picnic, as most people like to do when they have been born and raised in a big city. Being clothes-conscious, both girls agreed when they looked for a place to live that it must have plenty of full-length mirrors, and they found it.





Both Alice Johnstone and Alice Parkhurst are only children, so they have come to look upon one another as sisters. Once in awhile, like sisters do, they get into mild hassles, but both are good-humored and always end up laughing at their petty peeves, and at themselves. Neither girl is much for the traveling bit, but they have gone on a Bermuda cruise on one vacation, and both would like to make the trip to Hollywood.





# AMATEUR KILLER

BY BILL STARR

Alex wanted to write about murder, with first-hand information, so he went right to the horse's mouth.

Alex Devon yawned widely.

"Whew, I thought this day would never end," he said.

At the next desk Mel Chambers looked up from his typewriter and smiled. "Yeah, this hot weather gets you down. How's the book coming?"

Alex pulled on his coat and straightened his tie. "Oh, so-so. I was up half the night with it. That's why I'm so bushed. You coming now?"

"No, I've got some work to finish," Mel stared enviously at Alex. "You police reporters have the best jobs—getting the inside dope on hoods and racketeers."

"Stick to sports writing, it's more exciting," Alex advised him. "When you read my book you'll see how dull most crime really is. That is, if I ever finish it. Well, goodnight. Give my love to that cute wife of yours."

Alex walked down the City Room floor, not noticing the dark look that crossed Mel's handsome face. The two men had worked together on the Morning Ledger for several years. Mel was tall and blond, a superb physical specimen. His background as a popular college athlete, more than his writing ability, had gotten him his present position and it was unlikely that he would ever advance higher. Alex, on the other hand, was a dedicated newshawk. Of average height and swarthy complexion, he possessed a cool self-confidence that won the respect of policemen and criminals alike.

After leaving the newspaper building Alex got into his car and drove south. The large midwestern city was still sultry from the day's heat and he admired the scantily-clad girls on the sidewalk. But tonight he had more important things on his mind. In a run-down neighborhood he parked and went into a cheap bar-and-grill. The man he sought was at a corner table, hunched over a bowl of clam chowder. Alex sat down opposite him and asked the waitress for a beer. "What are you drinking, Paul?" he asked the man.

Paul Demarra pointed at the glass of milk before him. "My ulcer's been actin' up." He was about thirty-five, very thin and starting to go bald. A pair of thick-lensed glasses on his long nose gave him the appearance of a meek-tempered clerk or accountant.

"Well, tonight's the night, eh?" Alex smiled over his beer.



"I thought you were the man, but I wasn't sure until now," Mel said, grinning with the violent joy of the insane.

(Continued on Page 63)







*Jessica James is this  
swinger's name, and she  
never gets to bed before  
three o'clock in the morning.  
Jessie is a "car hop",  
and works from six  
to two, serving sandwiches,  
cokes and French fries.  
Friends marvel at the  
energy this doll consumes  
in the miles of walking she  
does each night at her  
job, yet she always comes  
up fresh and ready for  
sports next morning.*

**BEDTIME  
DRINK FOR A  
"BOMBSHELL"**



*Jessica lives and works in Manhattan Beach, California, and she likes the hours she works because she is a "water-baby". She loves to swim, and has become an expert surfer, and even likes deep-sea fishing, and all these are close at hand for her, and all are daytime activities. Jessica feels that these healthful sports keep her in good shape for the gruelling night job.*





*Miss James was born in the desert country of New Mexico, and once she tasted the ocean climate, she knew it was for her. She doesn't mind the fog in winter months, for it usually is dispersed by the sun in mid-morning, and there are few days that Jessie doesn't either surf, fish, or swim. Jessica lives almost on the beach, and is a collector of shells, also, for another hobby.*





*Jessie collects these pretty shells and makes gifts for her friends. She produces costume jewelry, decorates jewel boxes and lamps, and purses. Her other favorite indoor hobby is learning to play guitar, and sing folk songs, although it is strictly for her own pleasure.*



*So, this livewire gal has one of the fullest and most satisfying of lives carved out for herself. Incidentally, that bedtime drink is only orange juice, for Jessica doesn't drink or smoke, and watches her weight carefully, as she does love to eat good foods. But all the athletic activities, plus her strenuous job, keep her in fine shape.*



Heir to asbestos millions, Tommy Manville was holder of the title "most married man". Manville is shown in his home in New Rochelle, N.Y., with painting of nude, later auctioned off.

**T**he pretty dark-haired bride from Pasco, Washington, was understandably vague after the ceremony. Not because she was still a teenager, for despite her mere 18 summers, her wedding day was also the day of her divorce from her first husband.

But when willowy, slant-eyed De Merle Rankin listed herself as the fifteenth wife ("I think.") of the aptly named Glynn Wolfe last August 21th, she erred on the underside of that remarkable total by two!

De Merle was actually the sixteenth woman to marry the well-heeled and still-lusty 50-year-old Las Vegas hotelman. Since one of the preceeding fifteen remarried Wolfe briefly, following a divorce, the ceremony, officiated at by a minister who had joined the knot in three of Wolfe's previous marriages, was actually this uxorious-plus citizen's seventeenth.

In racking up a total of sixteen wives in seventeen ceremonies, all of them legal no less, Glynn Wolfe must ring the bell as the champion

marrying man of America, perhaps of all time, if we except those who, like Brigham Young and Sir William Johnson, operated under somewhat different moral and legal codes.

Young, of course, was the great Mormon leader, while Sir William, living a century earlier in upstate New York, operated as an Indian agent and used to seal his deals with various tribes by taking in "marriage" one of each chief's daughters for his ex-officio harem.

Certainly, Glynn's total renders pallid the much more publicized marriage records of Tommy Manville (nine), Eugenia Bankhead (eight), Artie Shaw (eight), Peggy Hopkins Joyce (seven), Arlene Judge (seven), and De Wolfe Hopper (a scant five).

As for George Jessel, despite his colorful and tempestuous marriages to glamorous film-star Norma Talmadge and teen-age Lois Andrew (among others), he must satisfy himself with a seat far back in this crowd.

The late Horace Dodge was well

## Is there a harem in your future?

in the running of the multiple-marriage sweepstakes until a frail, pale-blond beauty with a whim of iron named Gregg Sherwood laid him low via matrimony and put him smack-dab out of the running.

Naturally, the totals listed above fade to insignificance before the harem rolls of even a minor-league Asian potentate. Such a one was King Solomon, whose seraglio roster of wives and concubines makes him the marrying champion of both the Old and New Testaments.

**C**ompared to the Persian shahs and emperors, to say nothing of those of Kwaresm, India, Southeast Asia or China, old Solomon was very small potatoes indeed. However, his total remains impressive to a Western world in which monogamy has been the custom for nearly two millenia.

The schoolboy who wrote in answer to a Bible quiz question, "King Solomon had 100 wives and 700 porcupines", deserved the laughter he got when his error was printed in a best-selling collection of similar boo-boos.

No matter how you stack them, count or slice them, it's still an awful lot of wives—and concubines.

Still, in a day and nation where wives are married one at a time by one mate at a time, Glynn Wolfe's rackup of sixteen (count 'em—16) spouses commands respect.

The once-rigorous monogamous structures that formerly reigned supreme in American social ethics have been considerably relaxed of late—as they must be in a society that celebrates one divorce for every



By  
Clete David

If Americans keep up the pace they've set in the marriage mart, we may make some Oriental shahs look like real pikers, with our marrying romantics.

four marriages. This despite the fact that many scores of other millions are chained unhappily in marriage by the dictates of their religion or by lack of money for a renovation.

When a leader of Newport society can survey a sweet young post-debutante and casually but publicly remark, "She's a nice little thing—she'll make some man a good first wife," it is evident that Glynn Wolfe may be setting a trend.

Of course, the mere idea of adjusting to sixteen wives is enough to send the stoutest hearted, strongest thwined nine-to-five Tarzan fleeing for his native jungle, or at any rate to the corner saloon in search of quick liquid relief.

But multiple marriers like Wolfe are seldom adjustable types. They are seekers after a persistent dream of life with the ideal sex-symbol—sometimes even with an ideal woman. They find justification for their many changes of legal bedmates in the fact that each spouse falls short of their dream girl once matrimonial fatigue sets in.

Then, it's off with the old and on with the new. And this is where men like Wolfe, Jessel, Manville, Dodge, Hopper, et al, must command the respect of less gifted, more necessarily monogamous males.

Despite the fact that he is not and has never been a rich man, Wolfe has engineered no fewer than sixteen divorces—more important, he has achieved such a miracle without finding himself financially crippled by lawyers' fees, divorce settlements or alimony payments.

As far as is known he has not



George Jessel, shown with starlet Julie Reding, didn't even come close to record number of marriages, although he did create a stir with his choice of a teenager as one of his wives.

even spent a single night in alimony jail.

Truly, Glynn Wolfe has missed his true vocation as a mere hotel man. He should be handling our negotiations with Iron and Bamboo Curtain countries on the highest State Department levels. Certainly, he must be a diplomat beyond compare.

Getting rid of an unwanted wife is usually (and historically) a job that puts a tax on the strongest neuro-emotional systems, to say nothing of the stoutest bank accounts.

Manville and Dodge were both multi-millionaires by inheritance; Manville from the asbestos industry, Dodge from the motor car of the same name. Yet their divorce settlements (especially Manville's) put serious dents in their apparently invulnerable fortunes.

Even a Rockefeller (Winthrop) was at least temporarily dented financially by separation from a single spouse (Bobo), whose \$6,000,-

000 settlement had to hurt. Similarly, big-time banker Jim Stillman, an earlier multi-millionaire, had to pay through both nostrils to get rid of his Fifi a few decades back.

At one time or another, our bankruptcy courts and alimony jails have been packed with once-prosperous ex-husbands seeking surcease from the unbearable burdens of discarded mates.

Modern man is, alas!, so hobbled with legal strictures when it comes to divorcing a faithless frau or one he has merely grown tired of, that for most, divorce has become a life-long, gut-straining, unending ordeal.

In days of old, wife-shedding was far simpler, especially if the husband was a male of high position. Henry VIII simply framed a pair of his six spouses (Anne Boleyn and Anne Howard) for treason and had their heads chopped off. However, his first divorce (from Katherine of Aragon) caused him to found the Church of England since the Pope refused to grant him an annulment.

(Continued on Page 66)



**BRAIDS, BOBBY SOX**





# BUFF

*Rita Baines and Gail Roberts both have to wear formal or well-tailored clothes in their work, so when they get home at night, they don the loosest, most casual clothes that they can, for the fullest comfort.*

# BABES



Rita — the blonde — is an elevator operator, and cannot wait to doff the heavy, warm uniform she must wear all day. Gail is a receptionist in an employment office, and must be well-dressed, wear high heels and business suits or dresses.



So, when they get home to the  
apartment they share, both  
just play it cool and casual  
with the sox and braid bit.









*Of course, they are gagging it up here, though both belong to a gym, and neither drinks anything stronger than milk.*









When a sweater gal like Julie  
Parsons gets a chance to take  
it easy, she likes to relax  
in solid comfort, which often  
means shedding most clothes

*pillow-*



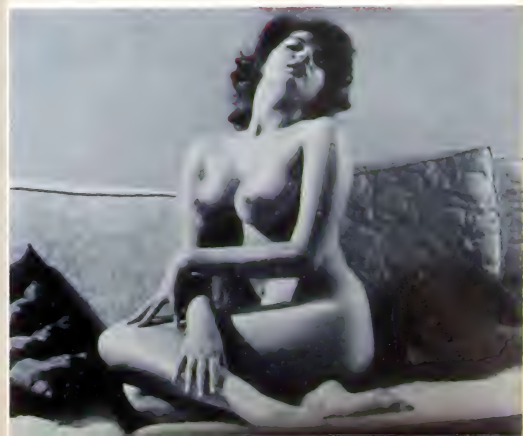


*Julie works in the canning department of a large fruit company in Hawaii, and though she loves the semi-tropical climate, there are times when the heat becomes a problem — until she can get home to her air-conditioned apartment and don comfortable garb.*

*time pixie*



*Julie went to Hawaii on a vacation, and fell in love with the forty-ninth state, and since she had no ties or family on the mainland, she decided she'd stay for good. She had no trouble getting a job, for Julie's a top-flight stenographer and easily got all kinds of recommendations from her former employers. Now, it is doubtful if any job could lure her back.*







*Miss Parsons comes from Fargo, North Dakota, where winters are harsh and long, and once those balmy Hawaiian breezes caressed her (she vacationed there in the winter time), she knew she'd never be happy again in the snow and sleet. Since spending more than two years there, she's more certain than ever that Hawaii is for her. Julie finds moonlight swimming and beach parties exciting, and except for the difference in climate, she says the people are just like those back home — warm, friendly, and as American as apple pie.*



*Julie was orphaned as a child, and so feels no homesickness for a family. She had never even learned to swim before coming to Honolulu, but the silvery beaches and blue-green waters are enticing, and she has since become a real "beach bug". Julie knits for a hobby, and many of her knit suits and sweaters are her own creations. But there is little need for woollens for warmth in her new surroundings, for which she's glad. Most of her free time is spent in a bathing suit or, when at home, in as little clothes as is possible. Julie has built a wide circle of friends with interests akin to hers, and is almost a "wahine" in her mode of living. She's also learning to sail a boat, and loves fishing. She has plenty of dates, but Julie says that so far — "No parson's services for J. Parsons."*







# SOUTH SEA ISLAND BARES

The natives were shapely and beautiful, and photogenic, — but there were local tribal laws against being photographed — with their clothes on or not. So the movie makers just brought in a bunch of Hollywood extras, let them get as dark a tan as they could for a few days, then they provided them with dark wigs and additional skin-darkening make-up.



When a movie company went on location in one of the South Sea Islands, they originally planned to use many of the native girls as "background extras", to give an authentic atmosphere. However, when they arrived, they found they had a problem on their hands.

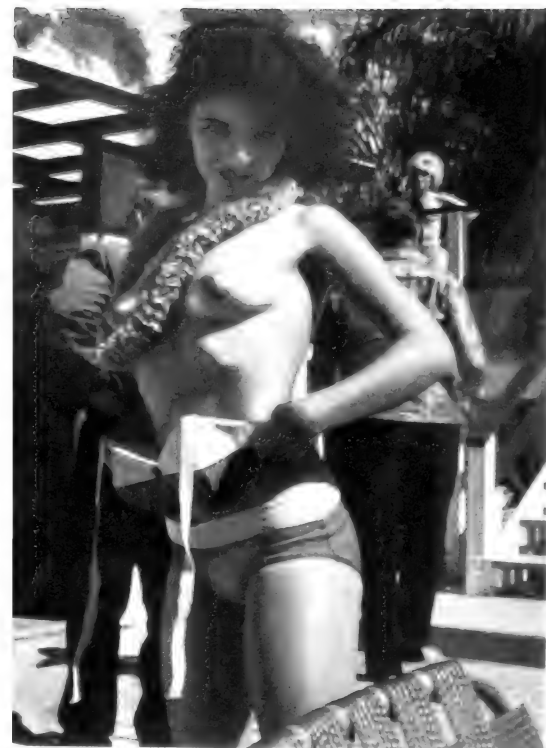








The girls had a ball, for movie companies spare no expense to provide good living and welfare features for location workers. They even built a complete swimming pool here, as their insurance forbade them to allow ocean swimming, because of sharks in the vicinity.







The company spent more than six months on location, though the girls were not there that long. The sun and sand were not new to them, as all live in Southern California, and practically live on the beaches when not working as extras. They thought it amusing that the natives stood around — the women, that is — awed by their beautiful bathing suits, and by the fear of sharks in the nearby waters.





The islanders scoffed at the idea of sharks coming in close enough to the beaches to be dangerous, for the ocean floor levels off so slowly that at 500 yards off shore, the water is still approximately knee deep.



When it was all over, the girls thought it was a shame to take the pay, for it had been like a vacation on a South Sea Isle. But location work is not always this easy, or as much fun, though it does pay extra.







But the insurance company makes the rules, so the company obeyed. The pool and diving board fascinated the natives, although they didn't like the taste or smell of the chlorine added to purify the water.



BY W. SCHMIDT

# SQUAWS, TEEPEES, AND SMOKE SIGNALS



THE NOBLE REDSKIN MAY NOT HAVE HAD MODERN  
CONVENIENCES, ACCORDING TO AN EARLY DAY  
"LUELLA PARSNIPS", BUT HE HAD A PRETTY  
SWINGING TIME OF IT — AND PROBLEMS, TOO!



*(Condensed and edited, with the help of a little Chickasaw firewater, from an early, early American Indian newspaper printed on the back of wild corn husks.)*

## WHITE MAN, GO HOME!

Our great hunting grounds are being ruined by presence of stupid white man kicked out of him own country, with no place to go. White man now organizing march to Chief Deer Foot's tent, waving signs WE DEMAND CIVIL RIGHTS FOR THE WHITE MAN. How long we stand for foreign kooks?

## MEDICINE MAN SAY PEACE PIPE SMOKING FOR BIRDS

Great harm to health can come with too much Peace Pipe smoking, Medicine Man Long Talk declared at yesterday's fire council. Long Talk proposes new pipe with filter tip.

## INDIAN HAIRCUT... NO WAITING

Scalp Keeper Up Cold Creek announces him have new Spring line of fancy wigs for sale. Gottum unusual red haired Hudson Bay trapper wig, Englishman, Dutchman, Frenchman and rare Scandinavian. Wear them for kicks at next Snake dance or use them for pot holders.

## WHITE MAN GO APE FOR PHONY HAPPY HUNTING GROUND DEAL

24 dollars in white man's wampum was paid by Dutchman to Chief Light Feather and his small band of Indians, in return for exclusive rights to Manhattan Island. Chief Light Feather was just passing through the island at the time on his way to catching a ferry for Hoboken.

## PONY EXPRESS TARGET PRACTICE

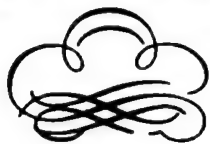
The Potawatomis defeated the Cherokees in shooting range contest Saturday afternoon. The crack shot Potawatomis bagged three pony express riders while the Cherokees were only able to wing a slow moving old gold prospector. A big community shoot is planned for next weekend with the expected arrival of a caravan of covered wagons. See Medicine man for choice spot reservations on the old Canyon trail.

## PEEKING PAWNEE SOUGHT

Young braves and their girl friends parking their canoes in "Lover's Swamp" report being disturbed by big nose, all eyes enemy warrior spying on tribe's social customs. Peeping Tom claim he works for a doctor named Kinsey.







### CLIFF SEASON IS WITH US AGAIN

The high cliff overlooking Rock River, known as "Lover's Leap", is doing a booming business these spring days. Mina Wampum Happy was arrested by Medicine man, Tuesday, for pulling ancient "Lover's Leap" dodge. She is being accused of leading ten successive lovers to the edge of the high cliff, lifting their wampum belt and telling him she will jump directly after he jumps. When her lover makes the leap she yell after him from top of cliff, "Give-um my love to the fish, stupid!"

### TEEPEE INSECT CONTROL

We shoo-um away blanket bugs, rattlesnakes, mosquitos, racoons, gophers, otters, wolves, bears and prowling wife-stealers. Also relatives you want-um eave scene. Send-um up smoke signal . . . we come by fast pony and do rest.

### CRAZY TEENAGE PONY RIDERS

Chief Crazy Water was almost run down by loony eenagers riding hot, souped-up mustangs on freeway mountain trail. Chief say all teenage riders should spend spare time in Juvenile Teepee lockup.

### PRETTY WIGWAM KEEPER WANTED

Young, handsome bachelor brave, looking for ousekeeper, easy on eyes, built like adobe house, ultry almond eyes, black shining hair, lips like ouncil fire. Must be able to mix firewater cocktails and cook.

### UNLOAD YOUR FUR RUGS AND TEEPEE MATS

The Hudson Bay fur buyer will be in Indian vil-ge next Thursday. This trip he is trading sequin-tudded yo-yos for buffalo skins. A bear skin in ood condition will bring you a string of imported roken glass (collected from the broken window of oyote's Saloon) and for rare mountain goat pelts, ie usual reward of a Revolutionary War musket that ron't shoot.



### MEDICINE MAN FIRE SALE

Medicine man get-um rid of surplus stock. Fol-  
lowing items for sale cheap:

Three jugs of Old Rainmaker's snake bite remedy, good for starting barbecues and removing paint. Address book of 300 swinging maidens for tribal sacrifice ceremonies.

Basket of live toads, field mice, milk snakes, beetles, and tusk grindings with instructions on how to mix your own love potions.

Will trade six lovely rain dance maidens for horse of sound wind and limb.

Max Factor war paint kit. Good for parties, wars and special pow wows.

Zippo automatic peace pipe lighters.

### BIG CROW LONELY HEARTS CLUB

Looking for warrior mate with much wampum and herd of horses? Need-um beautiful stacked wigwam bunny to warm up teepee on winter nights? Need-um hard working wife to carry boulders, chop wood or build adobe hut? Need-um good chicken stealer who knows how to bake cornbread? We got-um all sizes, shapes and numbers.

### CHIEF NEED-UM PRETTY CALL-MAIDENS TO SWING HEAP BIG BUSINESS DEAL WITH HUDSON FUR TRADER

Must have experience entertaining tired fur trader. Old skin game. Keep-um fur trader busy while Chief cons fur trader's credit card. Paint name and address on old oak leaf and leave with Medicine man at Chief's teepee. Don't call us . . . we call-um you.

### INDIAN PRIVATE EYE . . . SEES PLENTY . . . KNOWS PLENTY . . .

Confidential teepee and lover's lane investigations. Squaw patrolling service while warrior husband on warpath. Latest torture lie detector apparatus. Beechbark evidence-paintings made at scene. 24-hour immediate service.

### GIRL WATCHERS GET-UM BIG EYEFUL!

Pay one fresh trout and stand on observation platform of concealed treehouse overlooking village maiden's morning river bath. See lovely, bare Minniehawk do jack-knife dive near waterfall. River water crystal clear. Can see bottom anywhere you look. Three fresh catfish entitle you to look through knothole in empty tree-trunk for closer girl watching observations.





# SHOWGIRL



# SHOW-OFF

Even when Jill Ashmond was a little girl, her parents were sure she was going to be in show business, for she was always an extrovert and liked to show off. Jill didn't disappoint them, for she took dancing lessons for years, and also piano lessons, and was in every school play or recital, as well as being a cheer leader. When she headed for Broadway, from her Dubuque, Iowa, home, all her early preparation paid off, for it took Jill just exactly three days to land a part in a Broadway musical. True, it was only a small part, but it did give her a chance to demonstrate her dancing skills and her stage presence, and it opened the door to a bright, promising future.







Jill has a lovely, tastefully decorated house on Long Island that she shares with two other dancers, but she admits she hasn't yet become a "big city girl" in her habits. But she has had little time to learn New York ways, as she has been constantly on the go since arriving.



Jill has been in the road company of two other musicals, getting "seasoning", and has also done a little modeling for some commercial photographers. She knows that becoming known is the first step upward.





Jill has been too busy and too thrilled by it all to be homesick. And she is delighted that she can at last buy all the frilly, filmy clothes she has always wanted, for she came from a large family of girls, and being the youngest, often had to wear "hand-me-downs" of others.





Jill hasn't thought much about the future, as she never had any doubts that she was going to become a star. When her dancing days are over, she feels that she might be a teacher or choreographer for shows. Then, she points out, there is always "the good life" of marriage and raising a family, if and when that certain fellow catches her heart.



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## **Sexpots in the Driver's Seat...**

(Continued from Page 19)

In the centuries-long course of trying to make sure, the men downgraded women, denying them social and political freedom, overloading them with toil, relegating them to strictly B-grade humanity.

No more than a century ago in this country, it was not uncommon for a man to outlive two or three successive wives. Farm and domestic labor, to say nothing of child-bearing, cut the female expectancy to a fraction of that of the male.

**C**ame the revolution — medical, industrial, social, political, financial—and today the girls have things pretty much their own way save in political and industrial management, where the male still reigns pretty much supreme.

In short, women today have regained everything they lost to the male so long ago—except public power.

According to David Cort, high-brow essayist on social matters, they still yearn for what he calls "their past queendom". Attractive women are generally satisfied to exercise their sexual attraction over men, but homely girls either lust for career success or have resigned themselves to being losers.

When a comely woman begins to lose her looks, however, the real power-drive is apt to make itself evident. They head for sources of power like so many lemmings for the North Sea. They care little as to its source—look at the lovely girls who ally themselves with mobsters or physically repulsive businessmen who have nothing but success to recommend them.

Look at Evita Peron, first mistress, then wife of the Argentine dictator. An illegitimate child of poverty, she had deep longings to alleviate the lot of all unfortunates—but these benevolent instincts could not hold a candle to her desire to flaunt her power over a near-helpless population, to degrade upper-class folk who had snubbed her, to win esteem abroad for her person as well as her position of power.

Catherine the Great used the most attractive members of the old Russian nobility as casually as a man of power and advanced sex-

uality uses his harlots and mistresses. If she was incredibly generous in her rewards to her lovers, this very lavishness enhanced her sense of superiority.

**W**hen a woman attains a position of power today, she is as capricious and commanding, to say nothing of demanding, as any primitive exemplification of Rider Haggard's *She*. In fact, the millions of copies that book sold in its day were largely to women whose reverie-dreams of power it so delightfully stimulated.

Virginia Hill exerted tremendous influence over Bugsy Seigal and other underworld characters. In the political field once more, Christine Keeler moved in the upper echelon of British Parliament, just as the French Courts of another day reverberated to the demands of Madam Pompadour and Marie Antoinette.

Even today, reigning movie queens swing a big whip, and usually get what they want in remuneration, pampering, and food.

For example, it was written into Elizabeth Taylor's contract for *Cleopatra* that, while on location, she receive a fresh, large order of chili con carne from Chasen's restaurant in Hollywood—also that there be six bottles of Chablis, well iced, for her luncheon every day.

Since that outsized film took years to shoot—in England, in Italy, in Spain—these demonstrations of her unassailable position in filmdom added a sizable mite to the 40,000,000-odd dollars it is supposed to have cost. But the contract was faithfully fulfilled by Twentieth-Century-Fox.

Had it not been, the penalties included in the small print would have been even more expensive.

Much of woman's current much-publicized dissatisfaction with her lot and lack of self-identification may be laid to the transition stage of the great social revolt we are presently undergoing.

The girls have regained the tools of power in their possession of a majority political vote and most of the inherited money around—but they haven't yet gotten around to using their potentialities in politics and finance.

Once they *are* organized, they should make short work of male domination in everything from industry to international diplomacy. When they do, we men had better prepare to flee for the woods.



# AMATEUR KILLER

(Continued from Page 26)

Demarra spooned up more chowder, frowning. "Yeah, it's all set up. But are you sure you want to go through with it? If the big boys get wise it'll go rough on both of us."

"What's the matter, you getting cold feet?" Alex challenged. "I didn't go to all that trouble getting you out of the pokey just for kicks, you know."

"I ain't backing out," Demarra assured him. "I appreciate what you done for me—findin' that two-timin' dame to testify that I was with her when the Fredericks' job was pulled. I guess I done enough rotten things to be hung a dozen times for, but it still hurts when I get nailed on a bum rap."

"Then finish your supper and let's go," Alex urged. "I'm getting impatient now that it's so near."

"Play it cool," Demarra cautioned. "You'll need plenty of nerve to convince 'em you're okay."

"I should be able to fool them, with all your coaching," Alex said. "After all, I look more like a professional killer than you do."

Demarra looked around nervously. "How many times do I have to tell you that we never use that word?" he hissed. "We're hit men, or contract workers. You make a mistake like that around somebody in the rackets and we're finished."

"Sorry," Alex apologized. "I'll be more careful about it."

"You'd better," Demarra grunted.

Alex settled back and watched Demarra crumble crackers into his chowder. He had thought, when he began his book on organized crime, that his present underworld contacts could provide him with the information he needed. But when he reached the murder-for-hire chapter he realized that he would have to talk to someone on the inside—someone who had actually committed such a crime. It had not been easy. Even convicted assassins were reluctant to discuss their work. Then Alex had won Demarra's gratitude and the innocent-looking thug had talked freely about the killings he had participated in.

Alex was fascinated by the casual way Demarra had described the taking of human life, as though it was no different from any other business. What interested him even more was the efficient and highly secret organization that employed Demarra and many others like him. Like New York's infamous Murder, Inc., the local rub-out syndicate had been spawned by the Prohibition gang wars. Even today most of its customers were mobsters troubled by squealers, double-crossers and ambitious rivals. But more than a few "respectable" citizens had employed the syndicate's services to settle personal and business problems.

The more Alex learned about the operation the more intrigued he became. He wondered how otherwise honest individuals could get involved in such gruesome transactions. And he wondered about the higher-ups in the organization. Were they as unfeeling about their disgusting work as Demarra? Gradually the idea of infiltrating the syndicate's inner workings grew on him. With Demarra's reluctant assistance he had carefully prepared himself for the task. Now at last he was ready to meet one of the syndicate's officials and apply for a job.

Demarra finally completed his meal and they left the restaurant. With two hours to kill, they drove around aimlessly for awhile. Then Demarra blindfolded Alex and took the wheel. After many confusing turns he stopped the car and led Alex through a door and up a flight of stairs. Two more doors closed behind them before Alex was allowed to remove the blindfold. He found himself in a small, windowless room facing a very ordinary looking man of about forty, over a desk. The man signaled Demarra to leave and offered Alex a cigar.

"So you're Harry Trent?" the man asked. "You can call me Smith. Sit down."

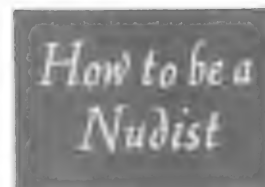
"Thanks," Alex sat. "I guess Demarra told you about me," he drawled from the corner of his mouth. "Just got in from Florida. Served a hitch in the State pen down there for armed robbery. Now I'm lookin' for some action, and cash."

"Demarra's recommendation was very favorable," Smith said. "And we can always use new talent. Ever hit anyone before?"

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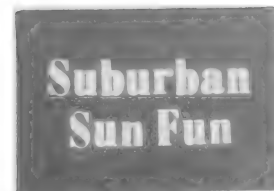
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FOR ADULTS ONLY

"Not for pay," Alex grinned. "But there was a little stoolie in our cell block—"

"Who's the Captain of the Guard at Florida State?" Smith suddenly snapped. The question was quickly followed by a barrage of others about the underworld and prison conditions in Florida. Alex had worked on a Miami paper for three years before coming west and was able to provide enough correct answers to satisfy Smith. The syndicate man nodded approvingly. "I guess you're on the level. You want a contract tonight?"

Alex hid his excitement with an indifferent shrug. "Suits me. What's it pay?"

"A grand for your first one. Do a good job and we raise you to fifteen hundred. The customer is in another room down the hall. There's a curtain between him and you, so you won't be able to identify each other if the cops ever pick you up. He'll tell you who the target is and give you all the details. How, when and where you do it is up to you, just be sure to let the customer know in time to set up an alibi. Remember, if you get busted we never heard of you. And I don't have to tell you what happens to squealers."

"Don't worry about that," Alex said, standing up.

Smith took him down the hall and left him at a closed door. Alex went into the room and sat on a chair near the dividing curtain. "Hey," he called. "Anybody over there?"

"Yes, I'm here," a man's voice answered.

Alex jumped. He would have recognized Mel Chambers' husky baritone anywhere. But what could the handsome sports writer be doing in a place like this? He leaned forward anxiously, praying that Mel would not identify his disguised voice. "Lay it on the line, fella. I ain't got all night."

"Yes, of course," Mel mumbled tensely. "I'm a little nervous. Never done anything like this before." He took a deep breath and blurted. "... I want you to kill my wife for me!"

For a moment Alex was speechless. He had always thought that Mel and Gloria were very happy together. But he dared not reveal his astonishment. "What's the matter, she been steppin' out on you?" he snickered.

"It's none of your business, but yes," Mel replied stiffly. "I've suspected her of it for some time, and now I'm sure. She has betrayed me and she must be punished for it! I want her dead, dead, dead!" His voice rose to near hysteria.

"Okay, I'll take care of it," Alex promised. He scarcely listened as Mel described his wife's daily routines. His mind searched frantically for a way out that would not expose Mel to the police or himself to the syndicate. Who would have thought that a seemingly devoted wife like Gloria could be unfaithful? And how could good-natured Mel react so violently? They were perplexing questions, but Alex had to get out of here before he could think about them. As soon as Mel finished talking, Alex returned to Smith's office. He thought of refusing the job, but that would make Smith suspicious and Mel would only hire someone else to do it. He told Smith that it was all arranged and left with Demarra.

"Well, did you get what you came for?" Demarra asked as they drove back downtown.

"And then some," Alex answered grimly. "Maybe you'd better leave town while you still have a chance. If things get too hot for me I'll have to go to the police and tell them what I know. That isn't what I had planned but at least I'll get an exclusive story on the syndicate for my paper."

"Yeah, if you live to write it," Demarra said. "I knew I shouldn't've let you talk me into this. Drop me off at my hotel. I'll be out of this burg as quick as I can pack."

Alex didn't get much sleep that night. Sweat drenched his body as he wrestled with the problem. If he failed to kill Gloria the syndicate would put him on its rub-out list. But if he went to the police Mel would be arrested for plotting his wife's death. It was nearly dawn when the solution came to him. Mel's erratic behavior had indicated an unsound mind. If Gloria could get him committed to a mental institution he would be in no position to complain to the syndicate about an unfinished job. Alex determined to talk to Gloria about it as soon as possible.

Getting through the following day was a strain for Alex. Every time he looked at Mel he thought of the syndicate's curtained room and shuddered. But Mel was in ex-



cellent spirits and gave no indication of his homicidal tendencies. He had to cover a boxing match that evening and asked Alex to go with him. Alex declined the invitation and telephoned Gloria. She was surprised to hear from him but agreed to talk to him if he wanted to come over. Darkness was falling when he drove up to the neat suburban cottage where she and Mel lived.

"It's good to see you again, Alex," she smiled, admitting him to the small living room. She was a tall brunette with a face that just missed being beautiful. But her figure made up for it. Any ballerina would have been proud of her fine long legs and her perfect breasts thrust out like twin mountain peaks under her tight sweater. "What's this all about? You sounded very serious on the phone."

Alex sat down beside her on the sofa. "I'm afraid it is serious, Gloria," he said. "How well have you and Mel been getting along together lately?"

"Oh, all right, I guess," she answered, startled by his abruptness. "Why do you ask?"

Without mentioning his own involvement, Alex told her that he had learned of Mel's plan to have her killed. Gloria's eyes widened with shock and she clapped her hands over her mouth. "He says you've got another man," Alex finished. "He'll probably try to kill him, too. Who is he?"

"There isn't any other man," Gloria protested, turning her face away. "It's all in Mel's jealous, twisted mind. He was such a great football hero in college that he hasn't been able to adjust to life without all that popularity and excitement. His newspaper work is dull and frustrating, so he imagines interesting things to make up for it. But recently he's gotten so that he can't tell reality from imagination. I've begged him to see a psychiatrist but he won't listen to me." She started to sob into her handkerchief. "Oh, Alex, what am I going to do?"

She was so frightened and helpless that it seemed only natural for Alex to comfort her. "Take it easy, Gloria," he soothed. "We'll find a way to take care of him." He moved closer and somehow found her in his arms. She cried heartbrokenly on his shoulder as he stroked her hair and dried her eyes. Her face

was nearly touching his and her moist red lips parted in a trembling smile. Alex pressed his mouth to hers, lightly at first, then more demanding as her arms slid around his neck. When his hands started to explore her body she resisted, but not very strongly. He picked her up and carried her into the bedroom.

On the bed Gloria cried again, but with happiness. "Oh, Alex, darling!" she moaned. "It's so good to be loved again. It was never like this with Mel." Afterward, when he told her his plan to have Mel committed, she was in full agreement. "Then I can divorce him and we'll be married," she purred. "You're so clever, darling."

Alex stared spellbound at her lovely white throat, nervously clutching a nylon stocking in his hands. In the dark depths of his subconscious mind a strange desire was struggling to make itself known. At last he understood the fascination that murder held for him. He had written and studied so much about it that now only personal experience could satisfy his morbid curiosity. And who would ever suspect him of killing Gloria? No one had seen him come here, and Mel would cover for him. For a moment he tried to fight off the mad obsession, then surrendered to it with an anguished groan. Swiftly he twisted the stocking around Gloria's neck and yanked it tight.

Gloria gasped and stared up at him. Her fingers clawed desperately at the stocking and then his face. Alex again tried to stop himself, but his impulsive hunger for sensation forced him to finish the job. But when her struggles had ceased he gazed down at her death-frozen terror and felt nothing. So this is murder, he thought disappointedly. A sound at the door brought his head around quickly. Mel was there, a gun in his hand.

"No, no!" Alex cried.

"I thought you were the man, but I wasn't sure until now," Mel said, grinning with the violent joy of the insane. "It looks like I'm going to save my hired gunman the trouble of doing this."

Alex started to babble out an explanation and the first shot struck his shoulder. The second knocked him from the bed. As Mel took careful aim for the third one, Alex finally realized the full horror of murder.

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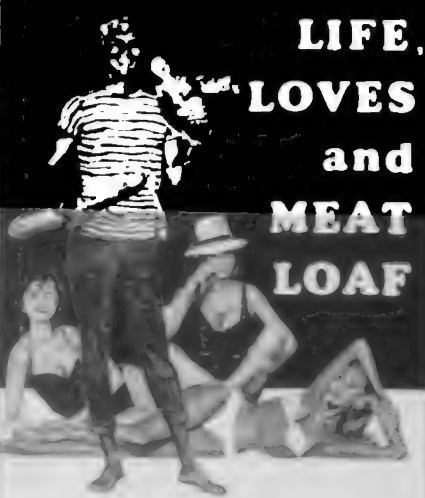
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**REGENT HOUSE**  
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## Is there a harem in your future?

(Continued from Page 33)

Of his other three wives, Jane Seymour died in childbirth, Anne of Cleves was sent home as too ugly and divorced, and his final bedmate, Catherine Parr, outlived him.

So even Henry had his problems. Certainly they were far greater than those of Bluebeard, who, no monarch, dispatched his wives when they failed to please him, much as did Landru, the latter-day French Bluebeard, who slaughtered some fifteen or twenty (the law has never been certain of the total), but for commercial reasons.

Ultimately, both Bluebeards fell atoul of the law, however: the first to a headsman's axe, the second to the guillotine. This only goes to prove that even the most cold-blooded sensualist can lose his head over a woman.

Probably the all-time record for multiple wife-disposal belongs to the Sultan Ibrahim of old-world Turkey. This amorous absolute monarch tired of his entire harem and had the whole bunch (some 5000 strong) sewed up in weighted silken sacks and dumped in the Dardanelles.

Then, like the lyricist in the *St. Louis Blues*—"I've got forty-nine women, all I want's one more/And when I get that one, I'm gonna get forty-nine more..."—Ibrahim at once set about assembling a fresh crop of nubile beauties for his pleasure.

While bigamy is much more common than statistics show—most women prefer to keep such scandals quiet rather than give them a court-house airing. Others never discover the fact of their membership in a harem. Yet, taking on more than one wife at a time is a messy and uncertain way of doing the job.

The late Henry Busse, once-famed band-leader and trumpet star, found this out to his cost. Fond of both women and booze, he had a neat little trick of marrying whatever

girl he was with whenever he got loaded. This, for a while, was frequent, and it cost him large segments of his large salary to stay before the footlights rather than behind bars.

Clarinetist Artie Shaw has managed to marry and divorce a spectacular string of spectacular women without losing his shirt—although Shaw is merely well-to-do and far from a rich man. Included in his roster of eight spouses are Lana Turner, Betty



Band leader Artie Shaw scored eight direct hits in the marriage market.

Kern (composer Jerome Kern's beautiful daughter), Doris Dowling, Kathleen Windsor (author of *Forever Amber*) and others, not the least impressive of whom is his current spouse, film-star Evelyn Keyes, a former wife of great director John Huston.

How Shaw has managed this marital parade with such relative success is something of a mystery. But Shaw is both fascinating and possessed of a violently volatile temperament. He is darkly handsome, something of a musical genius, articulate and suave. Apparently, when he turns it on, few women can resist his appeal.

But he can also turn it off—to such an extent that, when he tires of a woman, she wants only to get out of there, and fast. He seems to have the knack of making even the most beautiful women doubt their beauty



in his presence—something few if any of the lovely tribe can long endure.

To date, it has been the wives, not Artie, who have wanted out and been willing to come to almost any terms to get out.

Glynn Wolfe's achievement is even more remarkable when viewed in the light of his marrying competitors. He is not notably handsome, has never been rich or in a



Peggy Hopkins Joyce, ex-Zeigfeld Folies girl, married several times.

position of power like, say, a movie studio casting director. His sole assets seem to have been charm, a genuine fondness for women and the fact that, for some years, he served in Hollywood as a Justice of the Peace, and therefore, had opportunity to meet many young women when in a romantic frame of mind (you know how girls and women get around a wedding, especially when it is not their own).

It is noteworthy that most of his wives have been teenagers, a fact which led to his losing his J. P. job in 1959. Then his license was revoked by a less liberal minded Los Angeles district judge who termed his marriage record "disgusting".

Thereafter, Glynn Wolfe migrated to Las Vegas, where he became the operator of a downtown hotel—and continued his marry-

ing habits, selecting his youthful wives with a fine impartiality from both his hotel's guests and employees. De Merle Rankin has been serving as one of the latter, and told reporters at the time of her marriage that Wolfe had "been bringing up the subject of marriage for five or six months"—so she was hardly surprised at his final proposal.

De Merle has two young children, a boy and a girl, by her marriage to Rankin, while Wolfe has a four-year-old son named after astronaut John Glenn, by his previous wife, whose name was Sherry. The newlyweds have custody of all three of the infants.

Quite a fellow in the human husbandry business, you may well say. At least, he has managed to indulge what must be a vast fondness for teenage Lolitas without winding up behind bars or at the wrong end of a bullet.

Even so, it gives the onlooker to wonder, just as in the cases of other multiple marriers—why?

Certainly, given the desire and a modicum of attractiveness, there are always scads and shoals of members of the opposite sex around who are ready and willing, or can be enticed, into sexual congress without the dangerous festoons of legal matrimony.

Once, when accused of being a libertine, great comedian De Wolfe Hopper drew himself up to his magnificent six feet two and announced, "Yes, by God, but at least I marry them!"

He cited this as a matter of pride.

Evidently, with some men (and women) there is an unbearable sense of guilt involved in extra- or non-marital sex-intrigue. They are unable to relish a roll in the hay unless everything is nice and legal.

This can be as costly as dope or gambling addiction unless the addict is a Shaw or a Wolfe. Most women who marry a lot, unless they have idiot lawyers, manage to come out of their marital encounters a bit ahead of the game financially. Most men must pay, and never mind that currently meaningless old saw about the woman always paying.

It's an odd psychological quirk, but an entertaining one for those who like spice in their news. About all that can be said to sum it up is, *The marrier, the more.* ●



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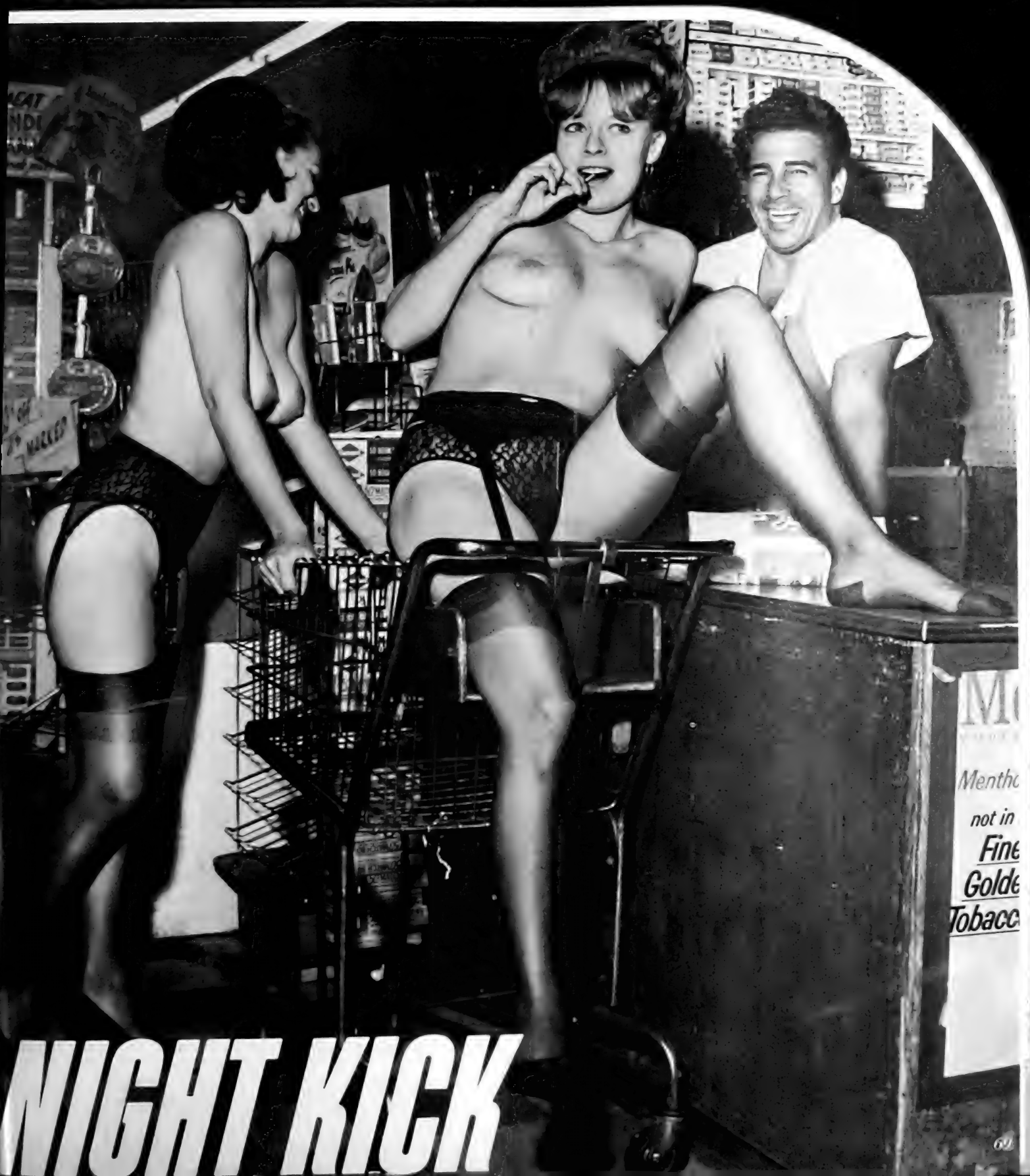


**NIGHT DOLLS ON A**



When Jacqueline Brink and Donna Dell finish the last show in the strip club where they work, if they shop, it must be in an all-night market. But this is all a gag, for publicity purposes.

Ed Kelly, who plays the clerk, is featured comic in the show, and a bright publicity man dreamed up this set of photos to advertise a comedy sketch.



# NIGHT KICK

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The girls are currently appearing in a club in Gary, Indiana, but Jackie and Donna are both from Ohio. They have worked as a team for years, mostly in West Coast clubs. When they are traveling about, the gals always room together. Both Jackie and Donna have good senses of humor, and often appear in comedy sketches with the comedians and M.C.s in shows. But each is an excellent dancer in her own right, and they usually hold featured spots in the strip shows in which they appear. Eddie writes most of the comedy for the show, and tries to give some good lines to the girls. They've been booked in the same spots several times and have come to get along famously, both on and off stage, — but no romances.









Girls who work at the same place, or share an apartment, or both — usually can be found on "double-dates" — that is, when they have a date with a boy friend, they usually make it a foursome that includes the boy friend of the other girl. So all the lovelies in the following photographs are of this type — "double-dated dolls". The two physical culture addicts on the right, are Stephanie Carver and Jill Clark, who work together in a ladies' slenderizing salon, and also share an apartment. Their tastes parallel one another, and there is no problem about where their dates will take them, for both they and their boy friends are wild about dancing. So, it's either to a dance-hall or night club, where the music is sweet and slow, for none of them go for the twist or way out jazz-type dances. At home, Jill and Stephanie share expenses, the cooking and household chores. They are a good team, whether at work or relaxing at home, or out on a date, and there's no doubt that these pixies are pals.



# double-dated





***dolls***







To the far left, with the fencing foils, are Julie Brandon and Jan Scott, rehearsing for a night club dance routine, where they are both chorus girls. The three desert dolls to the immediate left work in a Las Vegas' night club as cocktail waitresses, and are, left to right: Pam Chalmers, Sue Rollins, and Betty Jenkins. These three like to cavort in the buff to soak up some of the warm sun's rays. In the photo below are Candy Sweet and Paula Rivers — both of them featured strippers in burlesque. They share a room and double-date when they are on the circuit, and complement one another well.





*Jenny Connors and Carol Burke, above, work in the same offices as secretaries. They each have their own home, but live near each other and often go double-dating. Sherri Calvert and LouAnne Palmer thought it would be fun to redecorate the apartment they rented themselves, and although their work clothes don't seem quite the sensible kind, they did manage to get the job done. Both work in an electronics factory in Los Angeles.*













*Jean Barron and Kathy Pruett work together in a Miami hotel as bookkeepers, and share a lovely beach apartment. The two pillow fighters, above, are Mary Shannon and Billie Brown, but it's all in fun for they get along famously as a dance team. The buff machinists are Luella Kent and Bernice Adams, and they also share a house together, when not on the graveyard shift. The last of our lovely teams are Charmie Kinkaid and Pam Allen, dancers who share an apartment, and also a physical culture kick.*





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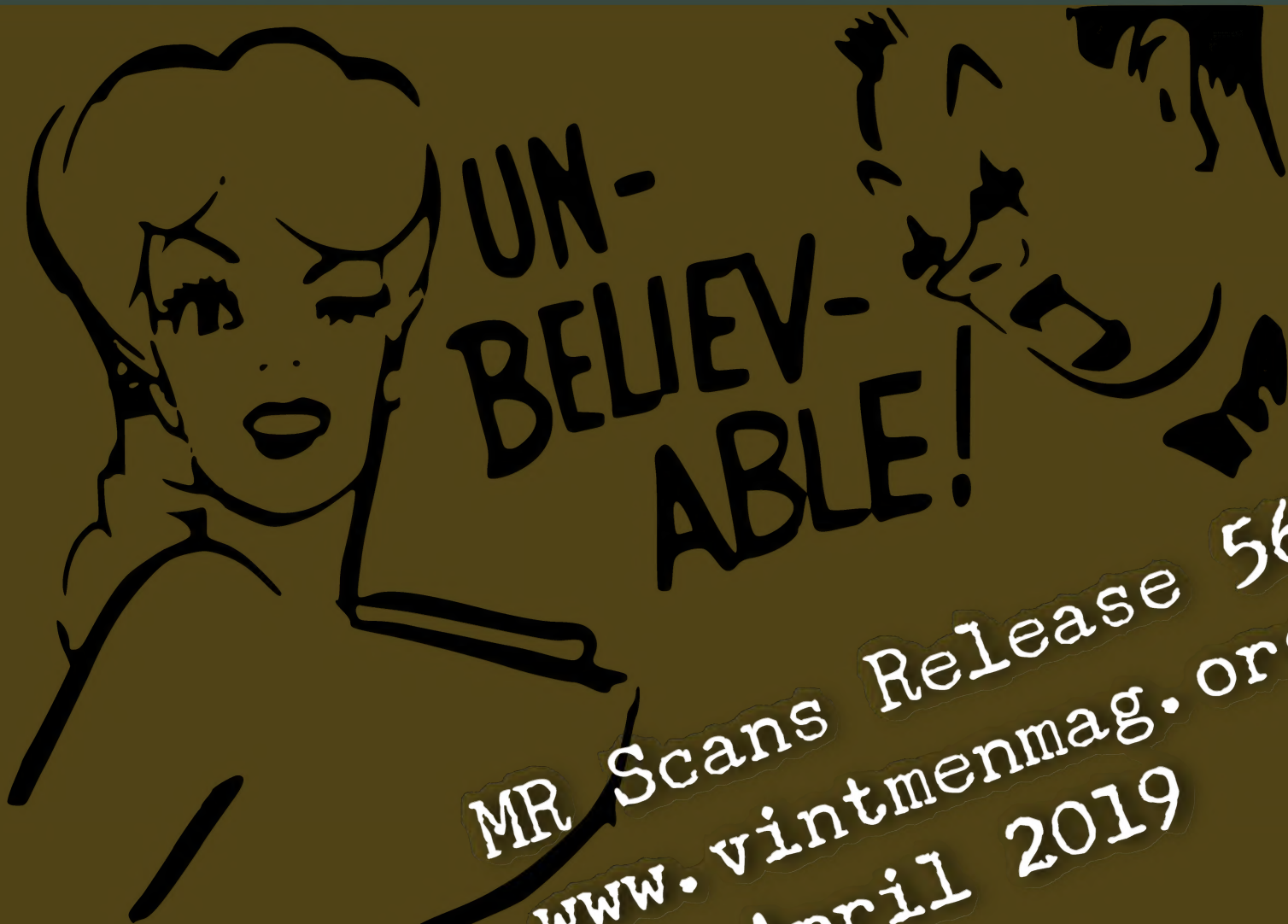
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